

# Real Life Love Romance Of "the Forgotten Astor" Outlived World's Memory

**Death of Henry Astor Closes Last Chapter in Story of Rich Society Man Who Married Daughter of His Father's Gardener, Was Spurned by His Family, Lived Life of Seclusion From His Old Friends, but Found Real Happiness With the Woman of His Choice.**

By Robert Welles Ritchie

HE was called "the forgotten Astor"—this Henry Astor, last of a past generation of his line, who died last Friday, full of years, on his estate near West Copake, Columbia County, N. Y.

This appellation would seem to carry with it a tincture of sympathy, as if to be an Astor of the Astors and to be forgotten were a conjunction of circumstances spelling heavy tragedy. The world learned of his passing that there had been an Astor who had been cast off by the rest of his family long years ago and had struggled through a life of many years without once getting his name in America's Almanach de Gotha of the aristocracy of wealth. The world learned this and shook its head in surface sympathy.



HENRY ASTOR

"Poor old fellow," quoth the world's wife. "He an Astor and buried up there in the country all his life, with nobody ever to hear about him."

Only Henry Astor could have known whether he, the man whom his kin discarded because he "married beneath him" many, many years ago, was the happier because he elected to live in Arcadian simplicity close to the racy soil and in the simple democracy of a rural neighborhood rather than be bound by the necks of his brethren.

But there was one anchor to the Astor interests father nor brothers could uproot. William B. Astor, in 1834, had set aside a fund in trust for his son Henry, which he himself could not draw from.

The increment from this trust fund amounted—so it was estimated a few years ago—to something like \$5,000 a week. Henry Astor, disinherited, was still a very wealthy man.

The outcast son went to West Copake, which is in the Berkshires very near the New York-Connecticut-Massachusetts lines, and four miles from the village he chose for himself certain fruitful acres. There he started to build a house.

It was a very big house—broad and roomy and filled with dim recesses where heat could not penetrate in summer. Neighbors came in to help him build it—actually to participate with the six-foot, broad shouldered man with the flaming red beard in the work of construction.

When the Big House, as West Copake still calls this relic of the French Mansard school of architecture, was completed Henry Astor moved in with his bride and began the comfortable life of a country gentleman. Neighbors began to wonder if Henry really were "dead broke" after all. Henry smiled deep in his beard and said not a word.

Happiness seemed to be his. He was a great fancier of horse flesh and he bought a span of racing trotters. The countryside became accustomed to the sight of Henry—so he was called by everyone—leaning over the spider shafts of his sulky and tooting his best blunderbuss, his heavy streamer like a comet's tail over his shoulders.

He built a trotting course on his own farm and invited owners of speedy horses to come and race against his blacks. At every county fair Henry Astor was there with entries, and many a purse did he hang up for the local pony fanciers to plunge on.

In short, his was the life of the English country squire, racy of the soil, full rounded and complete in itself. No, not quite complete in itself; for the woman he had married always played a leading part in that life. Between the times of American money royalty and the country girl there remained until the day that week when Henry Astor died an undying affection, deeper than any other roots of the man's life.

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## What a Battle Looks Like Viewed From an Airplane; Picture of Dante's "Inferno"

**Vivid Bird-Man's Eye View of Great Verdun Fight Described in Book Written by James R. McConnell, Lafayette Escadrille Pilot, Who Was Killed in Air Fight Against Two German Warplanes.**

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

DANTE'S HELL—that, in two words, is a battlefield of the Great War as seen from above by those who fly, like the ancient Valkyrs, above the slain. One who himself no longer speaks from the living—James R. McConnell, volunteer Sergeant-Pilot of the Lafayette Escadrille—has given a memorable description of the great struggle at Verdun as watched from his fighting aeroplane, in his personal story of the war, "Flying for France."

The book is brief, but it should be read for two reasons—its vision of Verdun from a sea of clouds and its finely intimate pictures of Kiffin Rockwell, Victor Chapman, Raoul Lufbery, Norman Prince and others of the splendid band of American adventurers who were our vanguard in the world struggle for liberty and democracy. Sergt. McConnell himself was of this band, and, like nearly every other member, he has made the ultimate sacrifice. He longed to lead a United States Army aero corps in the western theatre of war, but he was killed in an unequal struggle against two German aeroplanes just before our formal opening of hostilities. He was over there before the Allies had been fighting six months, going from Carthage, N. C., to drive an American ambulance in the Vosges and win the Croix de Guerre. Even at that post, according to his own naive admission, he felt like an "embusque," a shirker, and he was one of the first Americans to enter the French flying service, where he fought loyally and successfully until his death in battle.



Now there is only that sinister brown belt, a strip of murdered nature. It seems to belong to another world. Every sign of humanity has been swept away. The woods and roads have vanished like chalk wiped from a blackboard; of the villages nothing remains but gray ambers where stone walls have tumbled together. The great forts of Douaumont and Vaux are outlined faintly, like the tracings of a finger in wet sand. One cannot distinguish any one shell crater, as one can on the pockmarked fields on either side. On the brown band the indentations are so closely interlocked that they blend into a confused mass of troubled earth. Of the trenches only broken, half obliterated links are visible.

"Columns of muddy smoke spurt up continually as high explosives tear deeper into this ulcerated area. During heavy bombardment and attacks I have seen shells falling like rain. The countless towers of smoke remind one of Gustave Doré's picture of the fiery tombs of the arch-heretics in Dante's 'hell.' A smoky pall covers the sector under fire, rising so high that at a height of 1,000 feet one is enveloped in its mist-like fumes. Now and then monster projectiles hurtling through the air close by leave one's plane rocking violently in their wake. Airplanes have been cut in two by them.

"For us the battle passes in silence, the noise of one's motor deadening all other sounds. In the green patches behind the brown belt myriads of tiny flashes tell where the guns are hidden; and those flashes, and the smoke of bursting shells, are all we see of the fighting. It is a weird combination of stillness and havoc, the Verdun conflict viewed from the sky.

"Far below us, the observation and range-finding planes circle over the trenches like gliding gulls. At a treble altitude they follow the attacking infantrymen and flash back wireless reports of the engagement. Only through them can communication be maintained when, under the barrier fire, wires from the front lines are cut.

"The bushes keep well within their lines, save occasionally," Sergt. McConnell significantly records, at the end of his book, "and we have to go over and fight them there. The only way to do it is to sneak up on them. Though there is a large number of expert German airmen, I do not believe the average Teuton makes as good a flier as a Frenchman, Englishman or American."

"Flying for France" is published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

## Barnard Girls Helping Uncle Sam as "Farmerettes"

THEY DON OVERALLS AT THEIR CAMP IN BEDFORD HILLS, N. Y., AND WORK FOR NEIGHBORING FARMERS AT \$2.00 A DAY.



BARNARD COLLEGE GIRLS AT BEDFORD HILLS FARM, WHERE THEY RECEIVE \$2 PER DAY, ALSO PAY CAMP CHARGES. THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS GIRLS READY FOR WORK IN THE GARDEN. PHOTOS COURTESY UNIVERSITY

## Loaferettes

New York and New Jersey Anti-Bumming Laws Unfair Because Aimed at Baritone Hoboes Exclusively, Providing No Penalties for Soprano Idlers—Rolling Cigarettes Will Help Win War as Much as Powdering Noses—If Loafer Who Plays Two Pairs Against Three Kings Is a Bum, So Is the Frail Who Bids a Bridge Whist Hand Wrong—Girls Have the Vote, Why Not the Work?

BY ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER.

NOT since William Tell mitted his bow and arrow and shot all the huckleberries out of a pie without disturbing the crust has such a stylish furore been established. Everybody is getting steamed up. Dillhelm is aiming his Zepps and his Zubbs at New York. Of course a Zepp won't annoy anybody who has ever been kicked by a Jersey mosquito. And we have so many things in our drinking water now that a few Zubbs won't make much difference. That isn't what everybody is getting cooked up over. It's this anti-bumming law. It's getting so that a gent who makes his living by the sweat of some other gent's brow is considered a loafer by our best considerers.

When New York and New Jersey crocheted that work law they swung one from their hip pockets that landed right on the beaver of every baritone hobo in the tournament. From now on the motto of New York and fringes is E Pluribus Workus. You're considered a blooming dilettante unless you have a sledgehammer in each hand, one behind each ear and four more coming in the next parcel post.

Work is no new melody to the most of us. The reason why we are nearsighted. Work is about the only thing we ever inherit from our fathers. So that new law won't affect us any more than rain affects a mallard's shoulderblades. You can't crowd two horses into one horse collar. We have been working ever since some smooth guy with a rough conscience bought Manhattan from a poor Indian. The price was twenty-seven iron men. History says that the Injun was bled. If that is true, that Injun was the first real estate agent who was ever trimmed. And also the last.

But it wasn't true. While scalping his front lawn with a borrowed lawn mower a fourth-class postmaster in Jazbo County stubbed his form-fitting shoes against a granite slab. On this slab was some Injun gossip in business college shorthand which gummed the whole yarn. It seems that the Indian sold Manhattan for twenty-seven ducats all right. But the rascal didn't own it in the first place. He was a Mexican Tamale Indian who was visiting his East-

## "Kaid" Maclean, Soldier of Fortune, Now Believed Dead

THE career of one of the greatest modern soldiers of fortune, "Kaid" Maclean, draws to an end under a cloud, and may already have ended in his death. This Scotch adventurer, once the actual ruler of Morocco, and later an object of keen interest throughout the world when he was held for ransom by the bandit Raisuli, afterward made his home in Austria. There he looked on in silence when Great Britain, his native land, became involved in war with the Dual Monarchy.

## RASMUS NOT ASHAMED OF HIS REAL RELIGION.

The woolly-headed Uncle Rasmus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Rudolph explained it as follows: "Your Honor, this man was running up and down the Mill River Road, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at half-past one in the morning. The people of that district com-

plained, and they had a perfect right to. The Judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried. "What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his Honor demanded. "Religion, Judge," was the response. "Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or something like that?" I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it." "Dat's des' de diff'rence, Judge. I ain't ashamed of my religion."—Case and Comment.